

# BALKAN TWILIGHT

kreativni okršaj između stripa i književnosti



OTO OLTVANJI IGOR HOFBAUER RADOVAN NASTIĆ  
JOHANNA MARCADE DRAGANA MLADENOVIĆ  
MAJA VESELINOVIĆ SLOBODAN TIŠMA ALEKSANDAR ZOGRAF  
NEMANJA MITROVIĆ STUDIOSTRIP BARBI MARKOVIĆ  
DAMIR RIJOVIĆ ŽELJKO MITROVIĆ MILIVOJ KOSTIĆ  
DANILO MILOŠEV - WOSTOK VASKO POPA NINA BUNJEVAC  
KAROLJ DENKE MIROSLAV LAZENDIĆ VLADAN NIKOLIĆ...





# BALKAN TWILIGHT





Svako može da ispriča priču. Svako ima priču. Svako potiče od nekud, svako na putu iz tog mesta sreće nekog. Iz želje da sebi odgovorimo na pitanje šta sve strip može da bude, oprobali smo jedan na balkanskoj sceni nov koncept, i poklonili sebi i Vama, dragi čitaoci, kolekciju ekskluzivnih stripova nastalih, osim par izuzetaka, tokom 2007 godine, upravo za ovo izdanje. U radovima koji slede prožimaju se svetovi domaćih i stranih pisaca, pesnika, muzičara, putnika, sanjara i zapisivača, sa grafičkim svetovima strip autora. Da li je naš zadatak uspešno obavljen, presudiće Vaš utisak nakon čitanja ove knjige. Nadamo se da ćete uživati, bar onoliko koliko smo mi uživali sanjajući ovaj san.

*Priredivač*





PIŠE:  
OTO OLTVANJI

# ČEHOVLJEV SINDROM

CRTA:  
IGOR HOFBAUER











NEVIDLJIVOSTI NEORGANSKIH PREDMETA I MAŠINA. POTERLI SU OD HILDBURGHÄUSENOVIH BRUŽARA - PRAVE IH OD HRISTALA KOJI SADRŽE ELEKTRONE. NAVODNO IM GA JE UKRAO NA PREVARU. NEZGODNA EKIPA, BAČE SVE DA GA DOBIJU NAZAD.



















# 1953

priča: Miodrag Djorić crtež: Nina Bunjevac

*Jelka je kupila štaf za haljinu i ja sam kupila Dulelu  
panoma štaf za pantalone*



*Tonda je Jelka rekla:*

*Hajde da proverimo šta će da kaže ako...*





*I tako kod kuće ja kažem:*

*Dule, kupila sam sebi haljinu na tufne,  
to se sada nosi...*

*...i potrošila naše bonove za hranu.*

*A on kaže:*

*O, baš fino! Idi obuci da vidim kako ti stoji...*

*Tonda ja odem i kažem Jelki, a ona...*



*...da je samo počeo da se buni ili nešto gunda.*

*Šta bi? Šta bi?*

*Pa ništa, dobar je bio moj Dule.*

# LA STRADA

ALEKSANDAR ZOGRAF.

GODINE 1980, KAO TINEJDŽER, ČUO SAM NA RADIJU NOVI SAD SNIMAK GRUPE LA STRADA. "ON"... SNIMAK NIKADA NIJE OBJAVLJEN NA NEKOM ZVANIČNOM IZDANJU, ALI JE CITAV KRUG MOJIH PRIJATELJA SNIMIO TO NA KASETU, I POBOŽNO IZUČAVAO SVAKI STIH PESME KOJA SE ČINILA TAKO DRUKČIJOJ OD SVEGA ŠTO SMO ČULI PRE I NAKON TOGA... GRUPA LA STRADA SE VBRZO RASPALA, ALI JE POSTALA NEKA VRSTA KULTNOG SRPSKOG BENDA ZAHVALJUJUĆI PONOVNOM OKUPLJANJU I SNIMCIMA IZ DRUGE POLOVINE OSAMDESETIH...



SLOBODANA TISMU, KOJI JE NAPISAO I OTPEVAO PESMU "ON" SAM UPOZNAO VEĆ POČETKOM OSAMDESETIH, TOKOM POSETA NOVOM SADU - ON JE BIO ČLAN LEGENDARNE NOVOTALASNE GRUPE LUNA, A DANAS JE POZNAT PO SVOM KNJIŽEVNOM RADU... MEĐUTIM, SVAKI PUT KADA ČUJEM "ON" OSLUŠKUJEM MISTERIOZNE REČI OVE PESME...

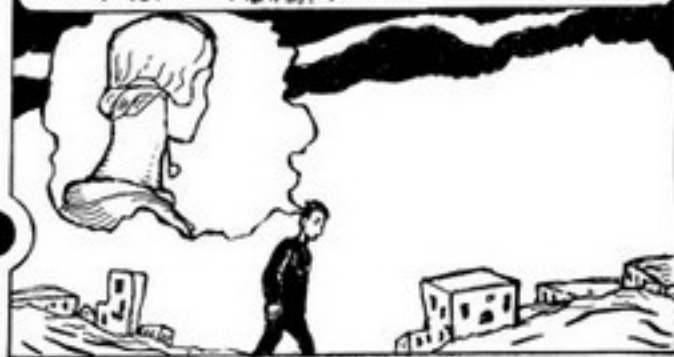
"ULICA JE JAKO IZDUŽENA  
ON JE MOŽDA SAM U SVETU ŽENA"



"KORAČA UNATRAS  
HTEDE DA OTPUTUJE  
U JEDAN GRAD KOJI JE  
ČETIRDESET KILOMETARA DALEKO"



"ON JE SAM NA SVETU MOŽDA  
NJEHOVA DRAGA JE TAKO SAMA  
DUŠA JE NJENA PRAZNA TAMA  
BAŠ JE HTEO DA OTPUTUJE  
U JEDAN GRAD KOJI JE  
SEDAKDESET KILOMETARA DALEKO"



"AL' JE IŠO UNATRAŠKE  
I NIŠTA NIJE ČUO  
KAD JE NATRAPAO NA NJEGA  
KO JE BIO ISTI ON  
SASVIM NEPOZNATI STVOR"



"DAL' JE ON LAVABO?  
DAL' JE ON TV?  
DAL' JE ON SELO?  
DAL' JE ON MOŽDA PRAVIČNOST, ZAKON?  
DAL' JE ON MOŽDA ISPIT SAVESTI?  
IL' JE ON MOŽDA ONO DRUGO  
UVEK PRISUTNO U SVIM DOPIRIMA?"



"KAŽU ON JE ZAROBLJEN  
ZATO UVEK IDE UNAZAD  
KAD MISLI DA NAPREĐUJE"



"MEĐUTIM JEDNOGA DANA  
NEKO GA JE UBIO IZ PUSKE  
BAŠ KAD JE HTEO DA KRENE  
SVOJOM DRAGOJ U GRAD KOJI JE  
DEVEDESET KILOMETARA DALEKO"



I TAKO, 27 GODINA NAKON ŠTO SAM PRVI PUT ČUO  
JEDNU OD SVOJIM OMILJENIH PESAMA, USUDIO SAM SE DA  
PITAM SLOBODANA TIŠMU O ČEMU TI STIHOMI ZAPRAVO  
GOVORE?

MA, TO JE O NEKOM TIPU KOJI ODLAZI  
NE ZNA NI SAM KUD, I PITA SE KO JE ON  
U STVARI... A SVE SE TO ODVIJA U SVETU  
ŽENA, KOJI VEROVATNO POSTOJI SAMO U  
NJEGOVOJ GLAVI...



























# THE LAME WOLF

WORDS:  
VASKO POPA  
PICTURES:  
WOSTOK





TURN YOUR GLANCE  
TOWARDS ME



THE LAME WOLF



I AM LAYING  
BETWEEN YOUR STATUES



CRIPPLED AND  
IGNITED

2



I AM SPREAD  
BEFORE YOU



GIVE ME THE WINK  
BY YOUR GRAWLING

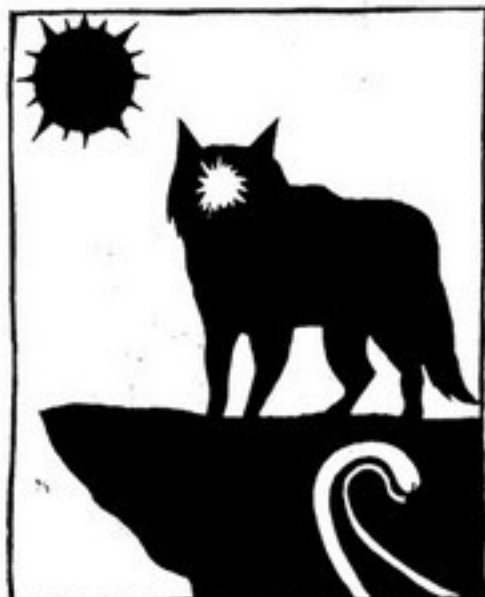


SO I CAN



RAISE UP

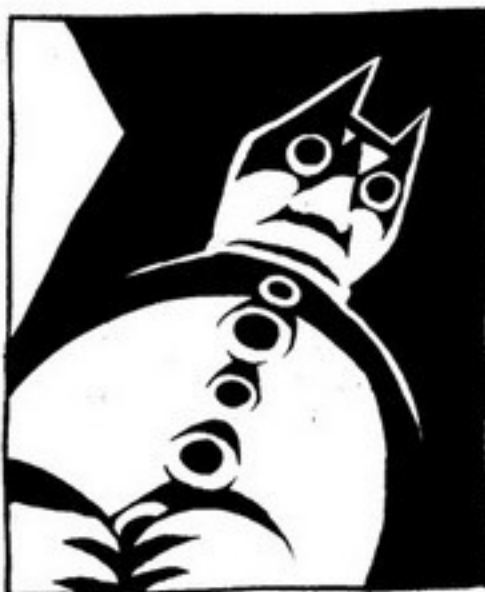
3



LET ME TOUCH YOU  
BY THE STICK



TO TOUCH THE STAR ON  
YOUR FOREHEAD



LET ME KISS YOUR



WOUNDED DIVING PAW  
THE LAME WOLF

4



WRITE ME  
WITH YOUR CLAW



ON MY FOREHEAD



HEAVENLY DRAWINGS  
AND CUTS



SO I CAN GROW UP

5

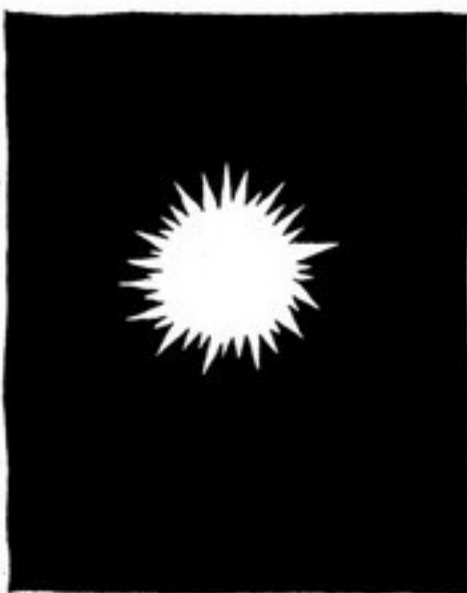


INTO AN INTERPRETER OF YOUR SILENCE

6



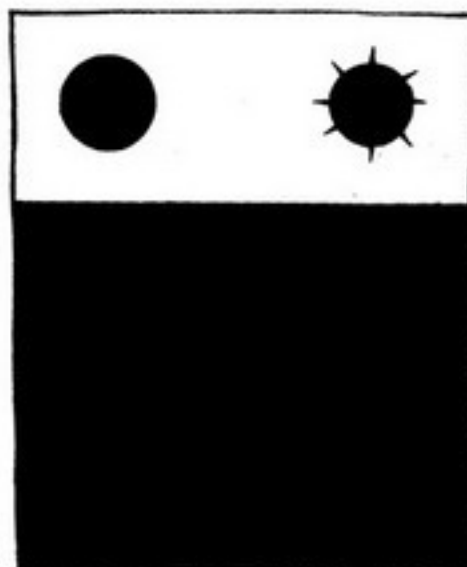
GET BACK TO YOUR  
LOG



AND SLEEP THERE



SLEEP UNTIL YOUR  
TRIBE



FROM THE OTHER  
SIDE OF HEAVEN

7





WAKE YOU UP BY HOWLING

END. (8)





STOJEĆI PORED OGROMNOG CRNOG VELOSIPEDA, ČIJI GA  
PREDNJI TOČAK NADVISUJE, DEČAK SVEČANO OBEĆAVA DA  
ĆE NA NJEMU IZAĆI IZ GRADA.



ONA STOJE U PODNOŽJU SIVIH, OLJUŠTENIH FASADA I PLAČU.

DEČAK SE PENJE NA VELOSIPED I ODLAZI.

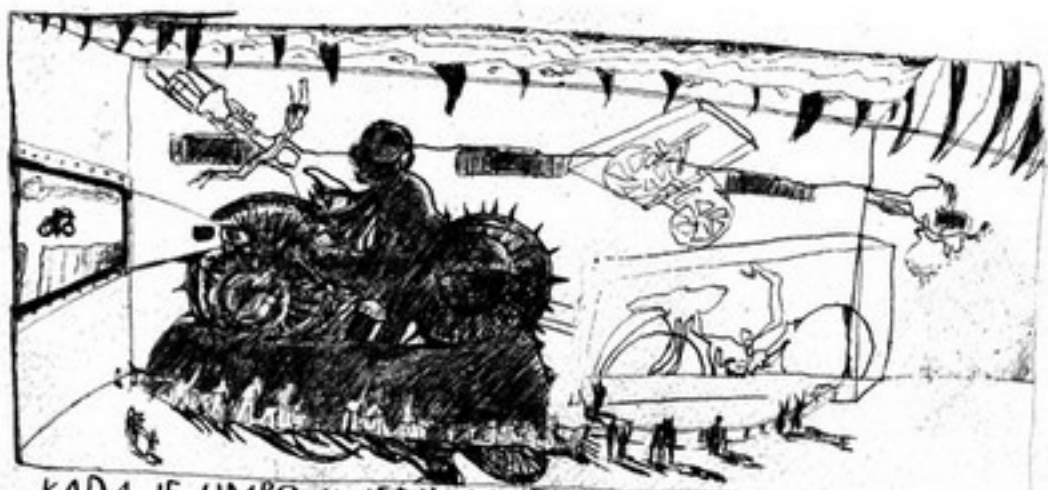


VOZI GODINAMA.



ALI GRAD RASTE BRŽE NEGO ŠTO ON VOZI.





KADA JE UMRO, U JEDNOM VELIKOM HANGARU JE  
IZLOŽEN STARI, ČADAVI VELOSIPED NA KOJEM JE  
IZAŠAO IZ DETINJSTVA.



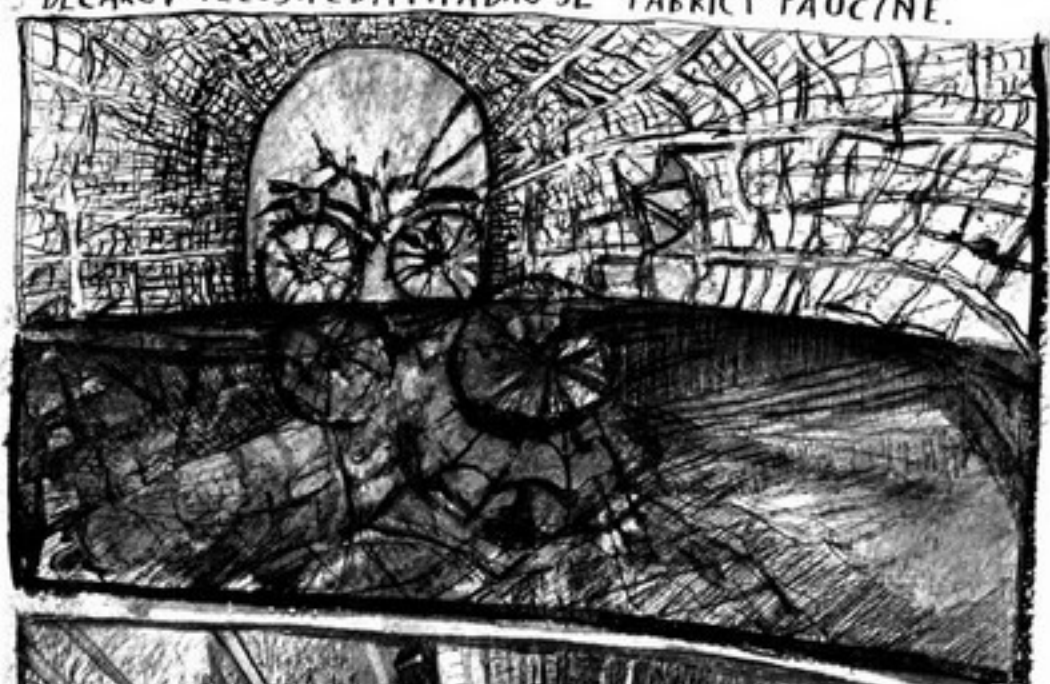
TAJ PROSTRANI, SUMRAČNI HANGAR JE BIO JEDAN OD  
STOTINA SLIČNIH KOJI SU KORIŠĆENI KAO GARAŽE.



NEKADA DAVNO, SVI SU ONI BILI MAGACINI RAZNIH  
FABRIKA.



SAM HANGAR U KOJEM JE BIO ZAUVJEK PARKIRAN  
DEČAKOV VELOPIS, PRIPADAO JE FABRICI PAUČINE.



KAD SVILENE BUBE VIŠE NISU MOGLE DA OPSTANU  
U ČADI GRADA, POČELO SE SA GAJENJEM PAUKOVA.

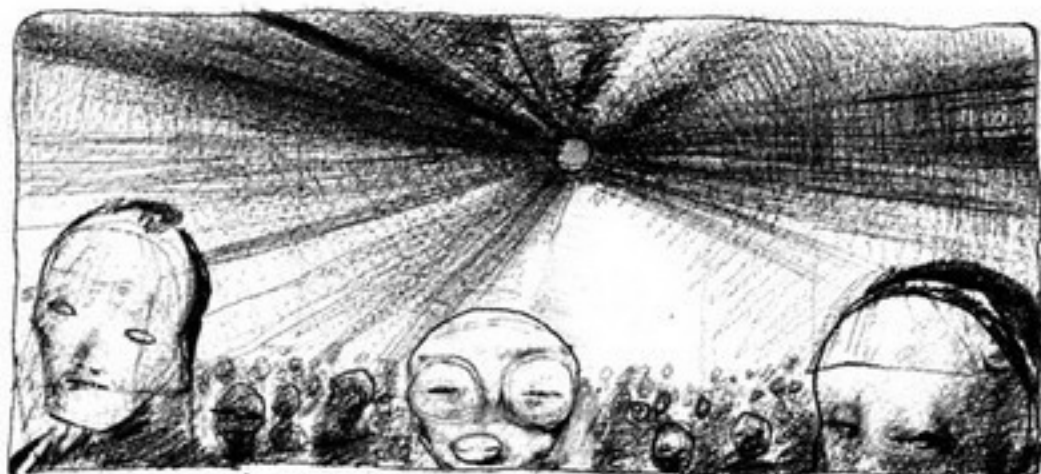


JEDINO ŠTO JE OSTALO KAO NEKAKVA DOKUMENTACIJA O TOM DOBU, BILI SU STARI PORNOGRAFSKI FILMOVI, U KOJIMA SU UPOTREBLJAVANE MREŽASTE ČARAPE OD PAUČINE.



POSEBNO UZBUĐENJE IZAZIVAO JE TRENUTAK KAD RUKA PREĐE PREKO ČARAPE, PRETVORIVŠI JE U PRAH.





ONIMA KOJI SU TO GLEDALI MNOGO GODINA KASNIJE  
BILO JE SASVIM RAZUMLJIVO DA SE ČARAPE LAKO CEPAJU,  
JER SU FILMOVI BILI STARI.

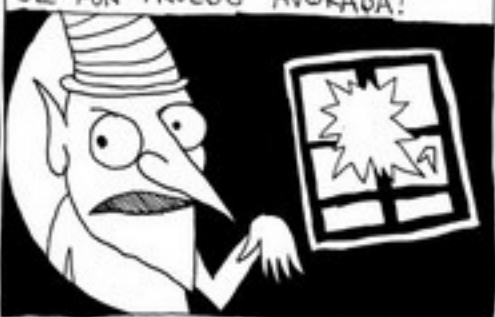


KRAJ I DELA

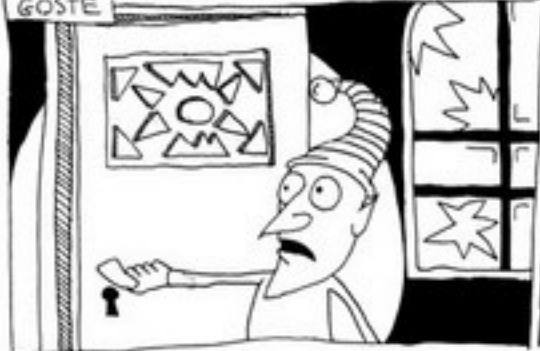
...KUĆA SENJOR ALFREDA POTPUNO JE ZARASLA U KOROV, LIČINA UKLETE SPOMENIKE DOMORODACA SRASLE SA PRAŠUMOM.



NEMOGU DA NAĐEM VRATA, ULAZIM KROZ NAPRSLI PODRUMSKI PROZOR I SAMO ŠTO SE NE SKLJOKAM OD ISPAHENJA: CEO PODRUM JE PUN TRULOG AVOKADA!



ČEKAM DA SE OČI NAVIKNU NA TAMU, PA ONDA STEPENICAMA DO PREDSOBLJA, PA DO SALONA ZA GOSTE.



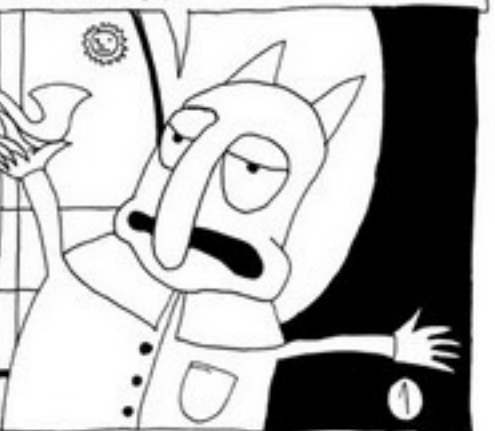
TAMO SEDI ALFREDO, GOST U SVOJOJ KUĆI.



GDE STE BILI SVE OVE GODINE?



BIO SAM U BERBERNICI, KOD BAKALINA...

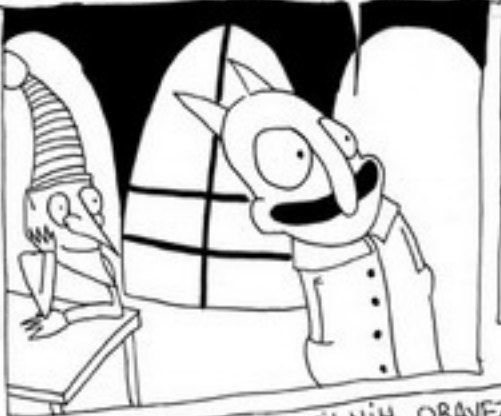


OH, TU I TAMO.

... ALI NE I U CRKVI.



BIO SAM NA KLUPI U PARKU NA VERANDI U SENCI AVOKADA.



ETO NA PRIMER, OD SILNIH OBAVEZA NISAM IMAO VREMENA DA VODIM RAČUNA O IMANJU I ZATO SAM GA OVAKO ZAPUSTIO.



BIO SAM POD SUKNJAMA MNOGIH ŽENA I DEVOJAKA, A SVE SU MI GOVORILE - DOBRO VEČE SENJOR ALFREDO! A OBRAZE BI IM OBRELO NAJDIVNIJE RUMENILO.



VI STE IZGLEDA VODILI ZANIMLJIV ŽIVOT.



PIH! SKORO KAO I SVAKI ČOVEK.

JEL, A KAKO ĆETE DA OBJASNITE BOĐI KAVU ŽICU OKO KULE? LJUDI GUBE STRPLJENJE, PRIČAJU DA STE UMRILI.



VERA NE UMIRE KAO PROSLOGODIŠNJI PLODOVI AVOKADA. IZGLEDA DA JE OVA GODINA BILA PLODNA, TAKVA SE SKORO NEĆE PONOVITI. 2



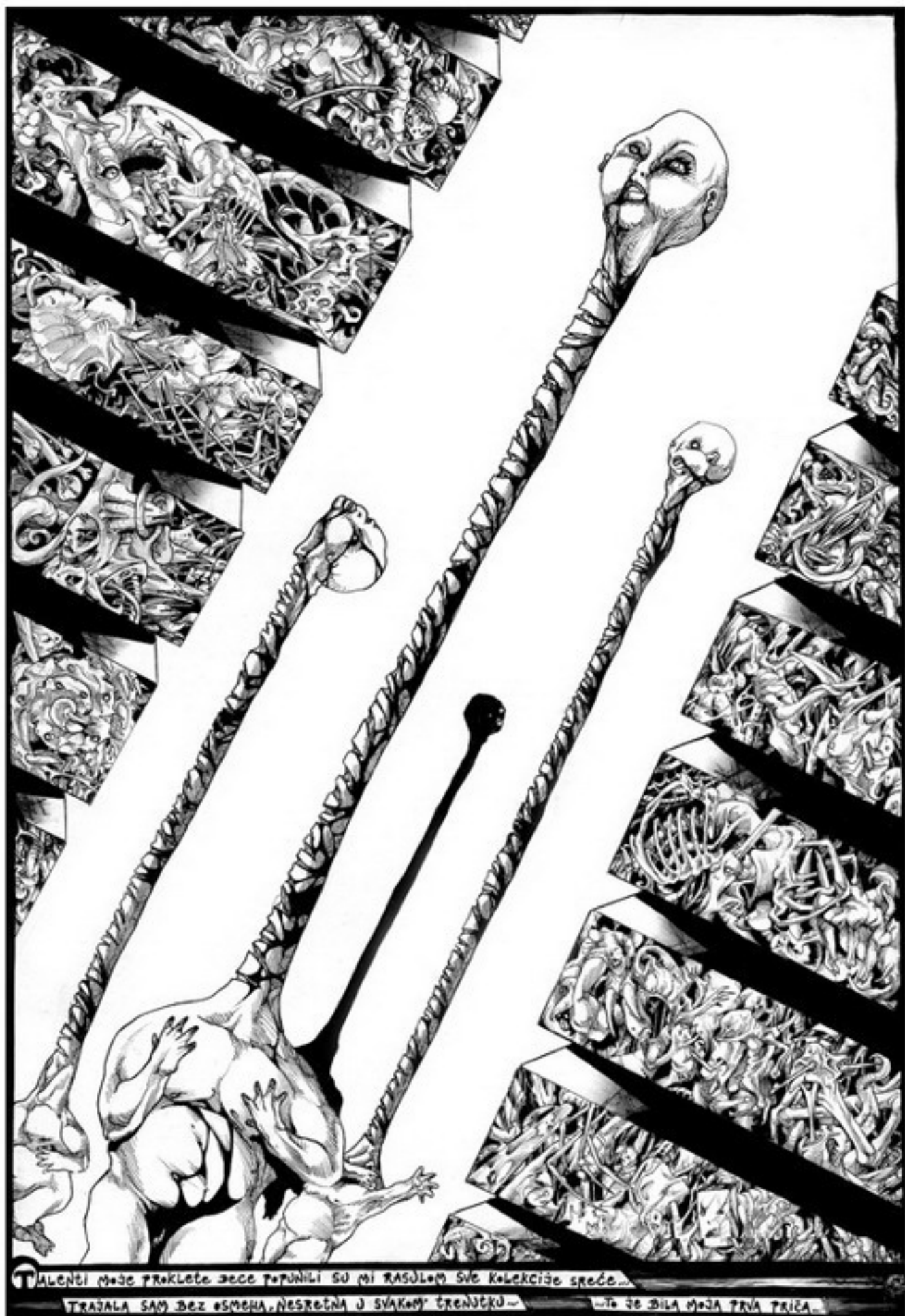
# Regenerisani Oktopod



Oseka. Pristižu glodari. Prijem. Velika senka prekriva planetu. Groteske. Regenerisani oktopod jače steže. Pale se baklje. Karneval mišićavih mačo baba-bludnica. Jebačina do pućanja kurtona, klizanje na kornjačinom oklopu. Nadiranje gamadi u blagom porastu. Regenerisani oktopod jače steže. Plima. Glodari plutaju. Voda se povlači. Kornjačin oklop puca. Preduzete konkretne mere, prelazimo na režim analnog grejanja. Zbog zapušene kanalizacije koriste se alternativni putni pravci. Regenerisani oktopod jače steže.

***Balkan Twilight***

--txt: Karolj Denke // crt: dr Gnoj--



**T**ALENTI MOJE PROKLETE JECE POPUNILI SU MI RASULOM SVE KOLEKCIJE SREĆE...

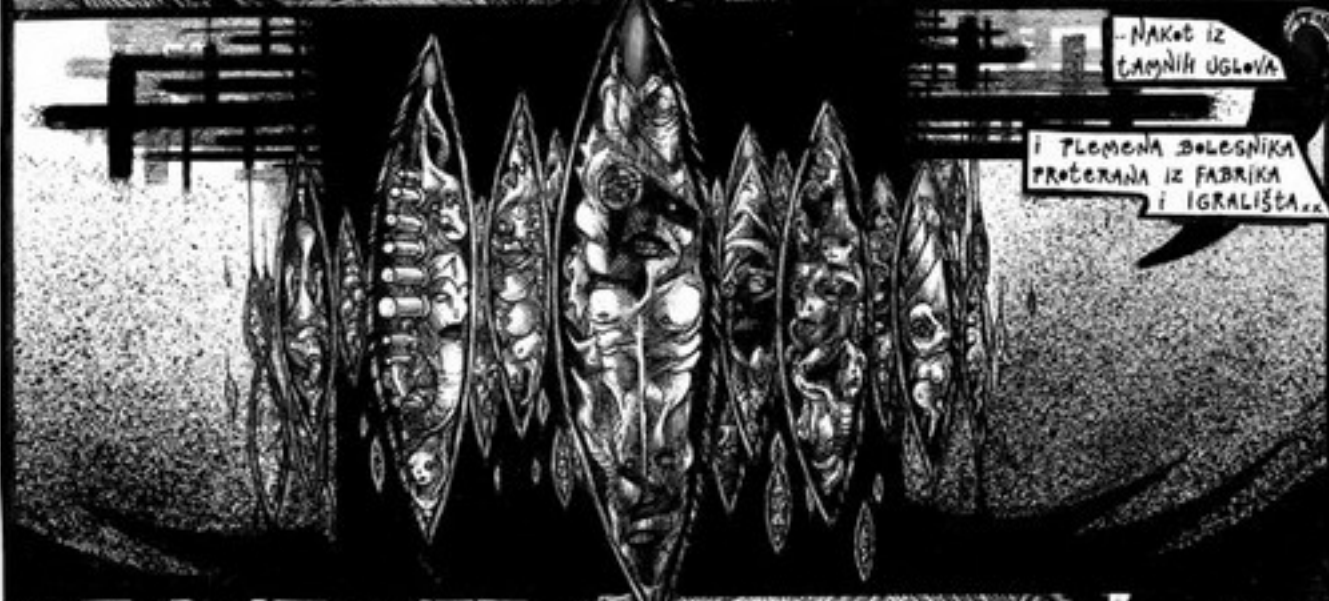
TRAJALA SAM BEZ OSMEHA, NESREĆNA U SVAKOM TRENTKU...

...TO JE BILA MOJA PRVA PRIČA...

5 Retnom su me učinili oni kojih sam se najviše plašila...



:USAVRŠENE ŠTETOČINE I NJIHOVI BOGOVI...



-NAKOT IZ  
TAMNIH UGLOVA

I PLEMENA BOLESNIKA  
PROTERANA IZ FABRIKA  
I IGRALIŠTA...



5 Nevježne figure su me zbrinule... -posvećene su mi zabave, životni sokovi i osmesi-

To je bila moja druga priča.



ŠIGURNJA, POŽELJNA, ISPUNJENIH ŽELJA I NAPUNJENA SREĆOM  
POSTALA SAM PLOD • KAME SU I MRŽITELJI SVETLO MAŠTALI...

NESTALI SU SVI CRVI KOJI SU MI NEKADA PROŽDIRALI ZADOVOLJSTVA...



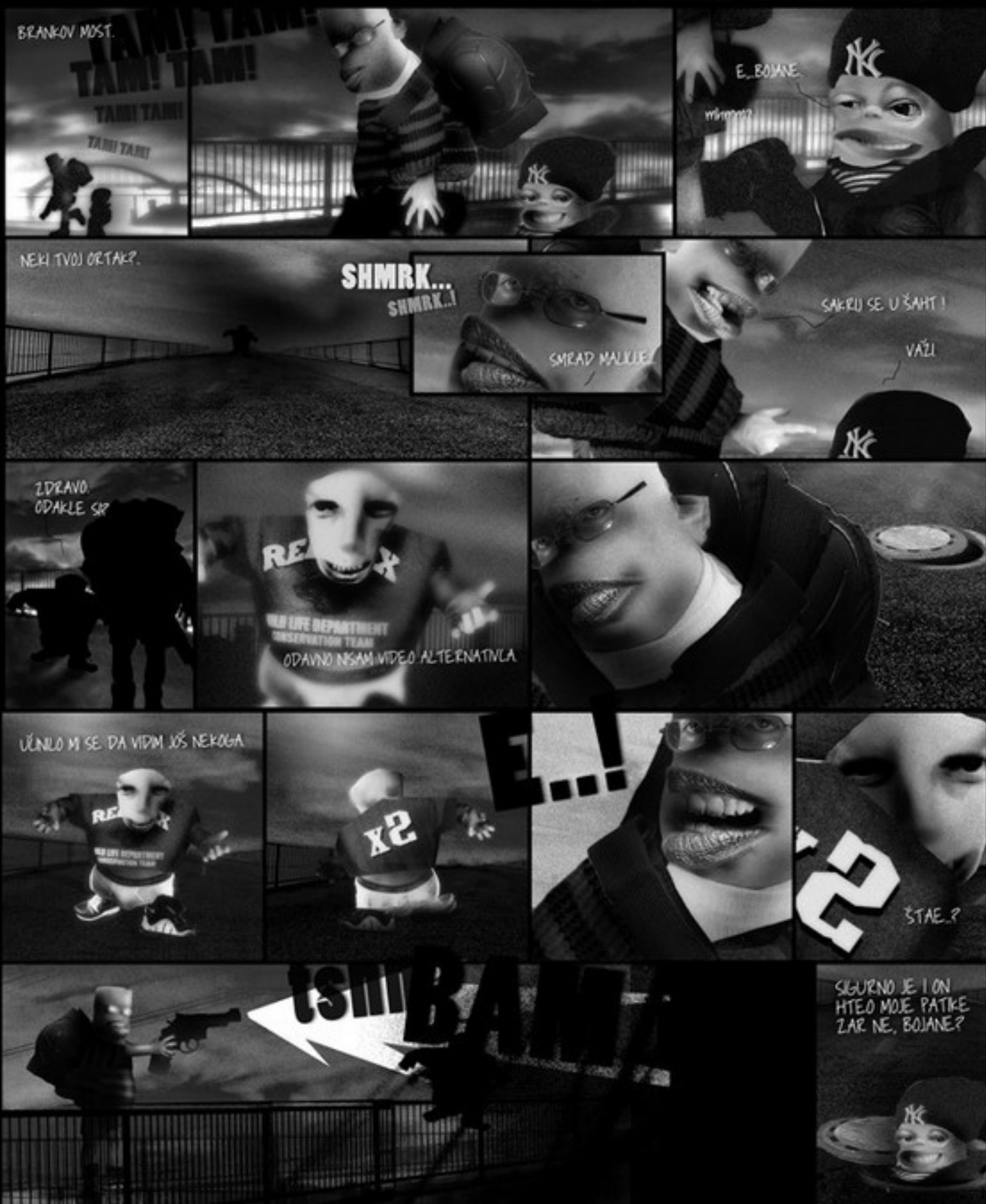
MAJKA ZEMLJA SEPTIC ART COMPLEX 2007 feat. Kazi Lidija

scenario: Barbara Marković  
ostalo: DRO

*Možda u prošlosti Beograda.  
Možda čak i u budućnosti Beograda.*

*Blame! Original Plagijat Krivica*

# URASTANJE







NEKOLOKO  
SATI  
KASNIJE...

VELI? —

?

DON.

ŠTA?

AM!

...EJ, IZVINI SNAVE

ISSŠII

RED

HRP... KAH  
KAH...

BRAA TE.

...FALA BOGU DA STE DOŠLI!

JESI TI NAŠOR?

DA TO SU ORIGINAL  
RIBOKI STOTOSTO.  
UHVAĆITE MALOG

A ONAJ  
DRUGI LIK?

NIKAD NISAM VIDEO  
TAKVU PULALIKU.

...HM...

JA SAM ISPLATIO SVOJ DEO.  
DAJ MI SADA DONTRO...

NE MOGU  
SKINES  
AKKUH KH  
KELI... K...

POK

HAAAAAAA...

ISTOVREMENO.  
PRILIKO I BOJAN  
SEDE U PEČINI.  
JEDU ŽITARKE  
I VOĆE.

NE RAZUMEM ŠTO TI NE SKINES,  
NE SMES TAKO U GRAD

NE MOGU  
DA TI  
SKINEM.

URASLE SU.

KK

# MY STAY IN BOSNIA

(OCTOBER 2007)

Written by Alexia Stainer

Illustrated by J. Klemencic  
(with apologies to Lewis Carroll and Sir John Tenniel)



So I'm in Bosnia, staying in this tiny Muslim village in the Republika Srpska..the population is about 40 people and they all seem to be old or children, though I'm not sure how that is demographically feasible. # There are a lot more houses than people, and the really nice looking ones are all empty. They belong to people that live abroad. # Like I was saying, I'm in this village, staying with detention/concentration camp survivors, about five minutes away by car from Omarska mine, the site of one of these camps. # I've been collecting the stories that people tell (just how much of it is true I'm not sure), and sometimes I caught myself thinking that you can't live in here as non-muslim or non-serbian unless you have a very twisted sense of humour, or at the very least a sense of irony.



Driving to the nearest town, my muslim friend and i saw a guy hitch hiking. # Before the war he used to work in a shop in Omarska where my friend bought food on the way to school, and he would always joke with the kids. And after that, he worked in the detention camp as a guard... # And now, here he is hitchhiking on the road to Prijedor, trying to get a lift from his former victim! # The tale that is my personal favourite is about a small child in the local junior school, which is named after Vuk Karadzic, reformer of the Serbian language. # This kid, when asked by a teacher, "Do you know who Vuk Karadzic is?" is said to have answered, "Yes, he is a war criminal".



Every where I look there is some sort of silent scream of what was done here, from the fallen minaret which is left by the villagers as a reminder, to the emptiness of the gigantic new houses built by ex-patriate villagers. # There is always washing drying in one of the shells of what used to be someone's home, and further up the road a staircase that rises out of rubble and leads precisely nowhere.. # I have visited the sites of Muslim mass graves, and a forensic laboratory for the identification of the bodies from these graves, that is basically a warehouse of skeletons patiently being puzzled together by some amazing people.. #



Serb is starting to feel like a dirty word, I can feel prejudice taking hold in the pit of my stomach, the equation orthodox = Serb = evil is starting to seem more and more logical, Mosques more aesthetically pleasing, and orthodox churches ugly and sinister. # There has to be a cure to this feeling, I'm the ultimate non-aligned, I'm one of those annoying people that never know what to say when people ask where I am from, and now I'm starting to hate on some one else's behalf? # Yes, maybe the man who takes part in the violent interrogation of his former pupil is bad, but surely not all those that by an accident of birth are included in the same collective noun? # But it gets worse. I'm starting to take the Serbian flags and the double-headed eagle symbol as personal insults, I wince when I hear people say they speak Serbian, I don't like names that end in 'an': Dušan, Srdan, Goran, Boban, Radovan, Slobodan, Zoran and all the others, they reek of Serb. # The word 'Omarska' is starting to scrape the roof of my mouth, so I avoid it; the Cyrillic alphabet makes me feel insecure; so I avoid it; and large 'Serbian' towns make me paranoid, so I avoid them.





"Don't trust a Serb... you can work with them, but you can't be friends with them".

What, all of them?

Then what can it possibly be like in Serbia?

There's only one thing to do...weekend in Belgrade any one?



BELGRADE: Well, I think I'm cured of ethnic hatred for at least a few more weeks. # I can now confirm that Serbs don't have claws, red eyes, pointy teeth or even horns. # Not only do they look human, but also some even seem quite nice... with the exception of the drunken guy with very bad chatting up technique in the bar on Saturday night, but then that's all the more human...



"Oh my god, I think I like it here... I might have to come back to check!"

THE END.



# DEVOJKA SLABOG IMUNITETA

scenario: Željko Obrenović  
crtež: Milivoj Kostić

Kao jebeni  
vampir!



Izgledam kao jebeni  
vampir! Bez krvi.  
Prazan.



Ljuštura  
Onoga što  
Sam nekad  
Bio.

Kao jebeni  
Vampir koji  
se pošteno  
nije napio  
krvi poslednjih  
sto godina!



Jebeći odraz  
je nestao...  
Još malo ovako  
i počeo bih da  
bledim!



A nije tako bilo.  
Nije tako bilo sa ljudima  
koji su...

Zvali su me Dabog, Dažbog...  
Posle toliko vremena postane  
nebitno.  
Svaki narod ima svoja imena,  
svaka decenija svoja  
omiljena...



Svaki vek sobom nosi  
stotine zaboravljenih  
imena.  
Danas bi moje ljudima  
delovalo čudno, izmišljeno.  
Kao iz nekog petparačkog  
romana.



...Sa ljudima  
koji su mi  
to ime dali.  
Koji su me  
poštovali!



Danas moje ime  
ništa ne znači.  
Ranije, nije bilo bitno  
kako su me zvali.  
Nije bilo bitno...



Sve dok su se  
meni obraćali...  
Dok su verovali!







Joj, hvala što si me povezo.  
Izvini ako te cimam... Baš  
mi je glupo... Obično nemam  
naviku da stopiram.



Ali ova kiša...  
Propustila već  
tri autobusa.



Ma, šta ti je...  
Ne bih ni stao da ne ideš  
u mom smeru.  
Ha, ha, šalim se...  
Po ovakvoj kiši, stao bih  
i neprijatelju, a neću  
tako finoj devojci.  
Nemam srce od kamena.



Kad bi samo znao  
kakvi su ljudi danas.  
Mislila sam da niko  
neće stati

Izgleda  
da još ima  
dobrih ljudi!

Nekoliko  
dobrih ljudi, kao  
u filmu...



Šta kažeš  
gde si  
bila?



Kod doktora...  
Prehladjena  
sam.

Prehladjena si...  
I još ideš peške!



Hvala ti za prevoz,  
još jednom... Vau!  
Obožavam ovu pesmu...  
Podseća me na proleće...

Što baš proleće?  
Voliš ga?

Jaštal  
Jedino tad sam  
zdrava!

Čekaj,  
inače si stalno  
bolesna?!

Jebi ga...  
Ja sam  
devojka  
slabog  
imuniteta!





Prvo nadju drugog boga...  
Nekog bezveznog.  
Jednog. Dobrog.  
Pravednog.  
Nestvarnog.



Onog ko će im ispuniti sve želje. Ulepšati stvarnost. Ili uopšte ne veruju. Ljudi su izgubili svaki kontakt sa sobom...

Više veruju u svoj kompjuter nego u bilo šta drugo.  
Potrošačko društvo, kurac!



Kako samo mogu da veruju da je poredak sveta tako jednostavan. Da je sve što se dešava tek onako! Da ne postoje veze medju stvarima. I onda zaborave te... Čak i legende o tebi pripišu nekom novom svecu!



A čime se baviš?



Kancelarijski poslovi, klijenti, dosada živa...

Jebote! Sad sam napolju videla vuka!

Ne znam. Već sam godinama u toj firmi, nisam ni razmišljala o tome. Tek sad kad me pitaš...

Neka džukela, sto posto, taj vuk.

Vuka?  
Ma daj, kad si ti inače videla vuka?...  
Pa što ne nadješ bolji posao?



Delovalo je tako stvarno! Kao u onom filmu sa drakulom... Kada vukovi trče oko kože...



Uh, našla si pogrešnu osobu... Mislim to sa filmovima, ja sam staramodan tip... TV, filmovi, nije to za mene.



Ja volim filmove. Pomognu mi da se isključim iz stvarnosti. Za trenutak mogu da budem neko drugi. Da zaboravim ko sam.

To kad te zaborave, nije tako strašno...  
Strašno je kad ti sam zaboraviš sebe!  
Jednostavno, probudiš se... I ne znaš ko si.  
Staneš pred ogledalo i ne prepoznaješ  
svoj odraz.



Kao da si u snu  
napustio svoje telo.  
Vratio se u pogrešno...  
Kad bi to bilo tako  
jednostavno...

Zaboraviš sam sebe!  
Ili nešto promeniš,  
ako želiš da opstaneš.  
Da živiš.



Ovo je svet za najjače.  
Nema mesta za one koji  
žive od tuđe milosti.  
Dobre volje. Namere.  
Moraš da uzmeš stvar  
u svoje ruke!



Verovatno se gubim...  
izvini, molim te...  
često se probudim...  
osećam se kao da sam u  
tudjem telu...  
U tudjem stanu...



Jasna stvar...  
Znam šta pričaš.

E, nisi mi rekao:  
čime se ti baviš?



Hm... Ja sam ti...  
Kao neka vrsta propovednika...  
U jednoj maloj zajednici.

Još, da nije neka sekta?



Nije sekta...  
Ljudima je danas sve sekta:  
i reklame za jogu i masažu i  
meditaciju... Nije sekta, više kao:  
zaboravljena religija.

Vau,  
strava...



Izvini, nisam  
mislila ništa  
loše, obožavam  
mistiku... To je  
baš kao iz  
neke knjige.





Čak ni za sebe.  
Ako je  
sam.



Svarog  
bog vatre i neba



Morana  
boginja smrti i zime



Perun  
bog грома i munje



Ako te zanima,  
mogu da te odvedem  
do hrama...usput nam je.

U, do jaja, ako ti  
nije... Baš bih volela  
da vidim.



Ma daj, šta ti je...  
Zadovoljstvo mi je.

Ti si baš neki jak lik,  
Čak i da si sektaš,  
bio bi neki fini.



Ma gde, skoro nisam  
upoznala nekog tako  
...svežeg. Tačno se  
vidi da radiš ono što  
voliš. Da si ispunjen.

Misliš - u saglasju  
sa sobom?



Čak me ni godine  
nisu satrle?



Da, to! Nisam verovala da ću ovako  
dobro proći sa stopiranjem. Stalno  
mi je u glavi bio neki manijak.  
Kao u onom filmu... Autostoper. Ili...

E, samo:  
kako si rekla da se zoveš?

Naravno,  
Vesna  
boginja proleća



Hvala Katarini S. na  
razumevanju,  
Pedji T. na lovačkim  
pričama,  
Vladi P. na špijenju i  
Nilu G. Na podsticaju.

THE END



# MI MRTAV ČOVEK

*Balkan Twilight*

--txt: Karolj Denke // crt: dr Gnoj--



Nekakvo se čudo desilo//ja sam ustao iz groba//možda malo neprijatno mirišem//ipak krv nije voda...//osećam trulež u sebi,moglo je biti i bolje//mlitave noge sad vučem po zemlji//idem stazama slobode// ja budan sam, kao da sam živ// i lepšiji sam, kao margarin...//čujem poruku iz grota pakla: UBIJ!, UBIJ! //čujem poruku iz grota pakla: UBIJ UBIJ sve!//ja volim sve ljude na ovome svetu/ali ne mogu da se oduprem to je jače od mene//glasovi u glavi sve su jači//krvavi pir se sprema/za mnom ostaje pustoš i čudovišna horda sagrađiće novo doba...

# LARIISA

PRIČA:  
RADOVAN NASTIĆ  
CRTEŽ:  
JOHANNA MARCADIÉ



HEJ, IZVINI, NISAM TI DUGO PISAO, U VELIKIM SAM GOVNIJIMA... TRENUTNO TI PIšem IZ NEKE MEMLJIVE PROSTORIJE OKRUŽNOG TUŽILAŠTVA SAN FRANCISKA. VEROVATNO ĆU UZATVORU DA ZAVRŠIM,



GOVORIO SAM TI DA ĆU OTKAČITI JEDNOG DANA... LEKOVI SU SVE SLABIJE DELovali, VIŠE NISAM MOGAO DA IZDRŽIM... A SVE JE POČELO PRE TRI MESECA, KADA SAM POČEO DA JEBEM BABE ZA NOVAC.



U POSAO ME JE UVEO OLEG, RUS KOJI JE U OVOM PAKLU VEĆ 10 GODINA... UPOZNALI SMO SE U KLADIONICI, SAMO SMO ONI JA GLEDALI FUDBAL... PRAVO SLAVNA BRACA, BRZO SMO NAŠLI ZAJEDNIČKA INTERESOVANJA...



PREDLOŽIO MI JE DA ZADOBRE PARE, 500 DOLARA PO VEŽERI. JEBEM STARIJE GOSPODE. BABOJE BACALI PRIJATELJU, NISU TO BABE - BABE!



OVE SE OPERIŠU NA SVAKA DVA MESECA, IMAJU BOLJE SISE I DUPETA OD NAŠIH 25 - GODIŠNJAKINJA, A SVE IM SE TO MOŽE, JER NJIHOVI IMPOTENTNI MUŽEV I SERU NOVAC.



UŠEMIO ME JE SA ROZI, 68 - GODIŠNJOJ NIM FOMANKOM IZ JUŽNE KAROLINE. A ONA ME JE UŠEMILA SA SVOJIM DOKONIM, MATORIM PRIJATELJICAMA. SVE ŽELJNE MLADE KITE.



PRVO SAM MISLIO DA NEĆU MOĆI, DA NEĆE DA MI SE DIGNE, I OSTALE PARANOJE I PREDRASUDE... ONDA SAM SE ISKLJUČIO, POLJUBIO SA ROZI - OSEĆAJ JE BIO KAO DA GURA JEZIK U DINSTANE PEČURKE...



SAMO SAM TADA OTIŠAO DO WC-A I POVRAĆAO... ONDA SAM POMISLIO NA BRDO FARA - I ISKUSIO SVAKU EMOCIJU... OD LOVE SE ŽIVI, LJUBAV SU IZMISLILI FILOZOFI.



BIO SAM NA AMFETAMINIMA STALNO, DOK ROZI NIJE KRENULA DA NABAVLJA KO-KAIN, OD TADA MI ĐOKA NIJE PADAJO GLAVIC SAM STALNO PUDERISAO KO KOM... UTRNE I NE PADA...



I TAKO 2-3 NEDELJE... ONDA SAM SE PRESELIO KOD OLEGA, IŠAO JE U RUSIJU DA POSETI ŽENU I DEČE I DA IM ODNESE BRDO LOVE... MNOGO JU JE VOLEO, ISTETOVIRAO JE NJEN LIK NA RAMENU...



OLEG JE U DVORIŠTU DŽAŖAO 10 PITBUL TERIJERA. DESET ŽENKI. MOJ ZADATAK JE BIO DA IH HRANIM, I ŽUVAM DA IH NE OTRUJE LUDI DEBELOGUZI KOMŠIJA.



OSTAVIO MI JE PIŠTOLJ, OVDE IMAS PRAVO DA UBIJEŠ ČOVEKA AKO TI UPADNE NA POSEB. OLEGOVA KUĆA JE IDENTIČNA ONIM, KOJE GLEDAŠ NA TV-U, DVORIŠTE, SREĆNE AUTISTIČNE PORODICE...



„OGROMNI TELEVIZORI, 1000 PROGRAMA. FRIZER IMA 5 METRA... UJUTRU TI KLINAC BAKI NOVINE NA PRAČU, A MLEKADŽIJA DONESE PUNE BOCE MLEKA, A DONESE PRAZNE. IMAS OSEĆAJ KAO DA SI U ZONI SUMRAKA.“



PO CELO DAN SAM PROVODIO SA KEROVIMA. SVIMA JE DAO ISTO IME - LARIŠA. ŽIVEO SAM SA DESET LARIŠA. TI ZNAŠ KOLIKO VOLIM PSE, TAKO DA MI JE BILLO SUPER.



NOĆU SU DOLAZILE BABE, TAKO DA FIRMA NIJE TAPELA... BABE SU IMALE RAZNE ŽELJE: BIO SAM VODOINŠTA LATER, KAUBOJ, DEKA MARZ, KUĆNA POMOĆNICA... TOLIKO SU ČAKALE I SMRKALE, DA SAM SE PLAŠIO DA MI NE



ODAPNU. NATADEM TE PIHU... POSLE SEDAM DA NA, POJAVILI MI SE PANDURI NA VRTIMA. KOMBIJA DŽON JE PRIJAVIO DA JE JEDAN OD MOJIH PASA, NARODNIČOVOG BUBULJICAVOG SINA DOK JE IGRAO BEJZBOL.



A ŠTA SE DOGODILO: IZVEO SAM JEDNU LARIŠU DO PRODAVNICE, A MALI DEBIL JE PRVO GABAO LOPTICOM, A ONDA I MAHNUO PALICOM KOJU JE LARIŠA UZELA U ZUBE... DEBIL JE OTIČAO DA SE POŽALI DEBELOM ČALETU.



ONDA SU PANDURI POČELI DA SMARAJU OKO MOG BORAVKA U TUĐEM STANU, PA SU MI NATOVARILI NEKU VETERINARSKU INSPEKCIJU, JER JE DESET PITBULOVA POTENCIJALNA OPASNOST PO OKOLINU...



A POLA IH NIŠAM RAZUMEO, JER MI SE MUTILO U GLAVI OD DROGE, I IMAO SAM KONSTANTNU EREKCIJU, TA KO DA SAM VEZAO DUKS OKO STRUKA. NEKAKO SAM IH IZDRŽAO I VRAĆIO SE U KREKET, RAZMIŠLJAJUĆI KAKO DEGENU DAJEBEM MAUKU.



SUTRADAN, JEDNA LARIŠA JE OGINULA. VETERINAR JE REKAO DA JE OTROVANA. OTIŠAO SAM DO OBLIŽNJE ŠUME I SAHRANIO JE.



U POVRATKU, POKUČAO SAM DŽONU NAVRATA I POZVAO GA NA PIVO, DA POPRAVIMO NAŠE ODNOSE. PA KOMŠIJE SMO, ŠTETA JE DA BUDEMO NEPRIJATELJI...



MALO JE USTUKNUO KADA JE VIDEO LARIŠE KAKO SE SETAJU PO DVORIŠTU. UVALILI SMO SE U FOTELJE I OTVORILI KONZERVE...



POČEO JE DA SERE. KAKO SE ODGAJAJU, DECA, KAKO SU MU SINOVCI. PRAVI IZDANCI ZDRAVE AMERIČKE GENERACIJE...



... KAKO ĆE JEDAN BITI MARINAC, A DRUGI BEJZBOL IGRAČ, KAKO JE UPOZNAO ŽENU. ONDA JE POČEO DA MI SERE O PSIMA.





KAKO SU ZA LANAC, PA KAKO SE SA OLEGOM STALNO SVADA, PA KAKO JE GLEDAO DOK PSINA UMIRE OTROVANOG MESA, KAKO SE ŠALO SA ŽENOM...



PA NEKE TEORIJE O NIŽIM RASAMA, PA DA MORA DA SE ZNA GAZDA - KAO STO JE ON U SVOJJOJ KUĆI - ZARAD DOBRA KUĆE. SIGURNO GA JE NEKA SEKSUALNA FRUSTRACIJA TERALA DA MRZI.



OTAC TUKAO MAJKU, MAJKA VARALA OCA, OTAC KARAO GUMENE LUTKE, MAMA MALOG DŽONA UHVATILA KAKO DRKA, PA MU ZA-BRANILA IZLASKE SUBOTOM UVEČE, MALI DŽON ZA TEKAO MAMU SA VIBRATOROM



I TATU U ČARAPAMA I HALTERIMA... PAKA DEVOJKA MU NIJE DALA ZA SISU DA JE PIPNE, A POPUŠILA NJEGOVOM NABOJAN OTARK U KOJI GA JE GLEDA O U OČI I SMES. KAO SE, DOK MU JE OVA DUDIALA...



PRVI SEKS: MALI KURAC, BRZA EJAKULACIJA. KASNIJE POČEO DA MU SE DIŽE NA MALJAVOG KOLEGU SA POSLA, I DRUGO MISLECI NA NJEGA...



ONDA SE OŽENIO I ZAPOVRAO DIVNU PORODICU, I ČEKAO DA DECA ODRASTU, A ŽENA I ON DA ODU U PENZIJU I VALJAJU SVOJE PRDARE PO DVORIŠTU...



„SVE DOK NE CRKNU OD SAČANIH UDARA. A ONDA DA IH SAHRANE U SKUPIM KOVČE-  
ZIMA, SA KITNJASTOM NAD GROBNOM  
PLOČOM. ZAR NIJE TO ŽIVOT?“



DEBELI MI JE USVINJIO SOBU. DA SE MA-  
NJJE BRANIO, BILO BI MANJE KRAVI. TOLIKO  
SU BRZE BILE, A JA TOLIKO EUFORIČAN,  
DA JE TRAJALO NEKOLIKO SEKUNDI.



BIO JE DIVAN LETNJI DAN. OLEG SE VRA-  
TIO I SVE JE OK. LARISE SU DOBRO I  
ZDRAVO. MENE PSIHIJATAR ISPITUJE  
VEĆ 3 DANA.



OLEG JE LARISE NAUČIO DA SKAČU NA KO-  
MANDU "VODKA". OTVORIO SAM VRATA OD  
KUĆE I POZVAO LARISE. DEBELOM JE PO-  
ČELA DA CURI PLJUVAČKA NIZ OBRAZ...  
"VODKA!"



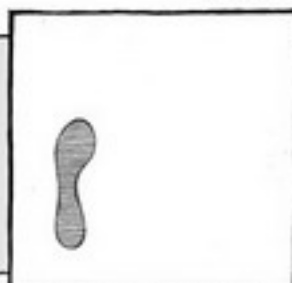
DEBELI JE BIO DELOM U FOTELJI, DELOM NA  
PODU, DELOM U KUHINJI. LARISE SAM OKU-  
PRO U DVORIŠTU. ONDA SAM SE UMIO  
LEDENOM VODOM I POZVAO POLICIJU.



MISLE DA SAM LUD. I DOK OVO PIŠEM,  
NADZIRU ME, MOŽDA NEKOG NA PAĐ-  
NEM OLOVKOM...  
PIŠEM TI. ČAO.

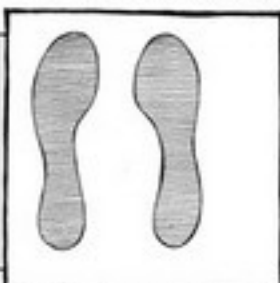
# CHILDHOOD MEMORIES VOL. 1

Script: VOLODYA Drawings: FRASAC



When I was a kid

Please buy me the



I annoyed my parents

buy me the football boots, buy me the football boots!!!



with one wish:



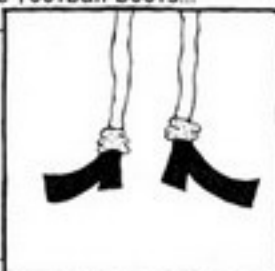
All children

And



in the street

finally



had such shoes.

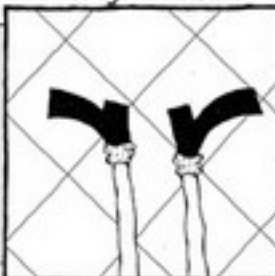
I got them!



Here you are @#\$%!!  
with my brand new



I was endlessly  
pair of



happy and satisfied  
football shoes.



I have never worn them.  
beside these shoes,



I enjoyed hours & hours  
breathing their



just lying on the floor  
new and fresh smell

# ioš jedno stanie

Scenarij: SoSalica Crtez i obrada: Vlam

WHUUYYYY

DRUMM

WHOO SHH

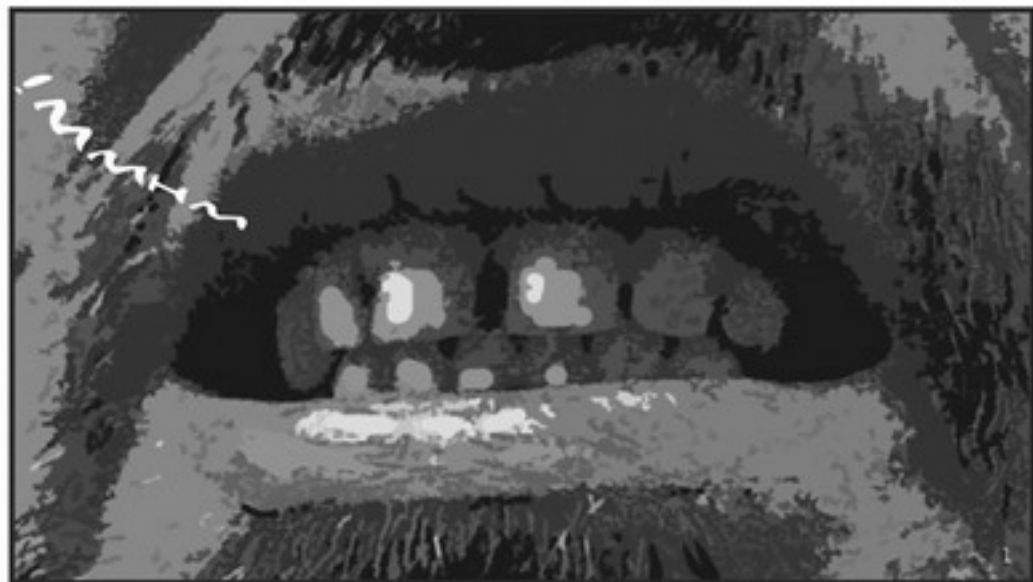
HWOSSHHH

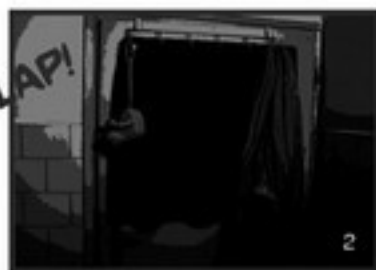
KRAANG!

KRAANG!!

KRAANG!!!

MMMMMMMM









Kraj



Orbo was playing in the middle of the street with Ziki, his favourite robot,



when the bomb exploded.



He was fighting hard to save the earth from the invasion of outer-space monsters when a splinter injured his left eye.



And he was lucky, because Ziki was hit straight in the heart.

People around there brought him at a run to the hospital where the doctor stated:

"This baby has lost his eye"

while extracting the splinter.



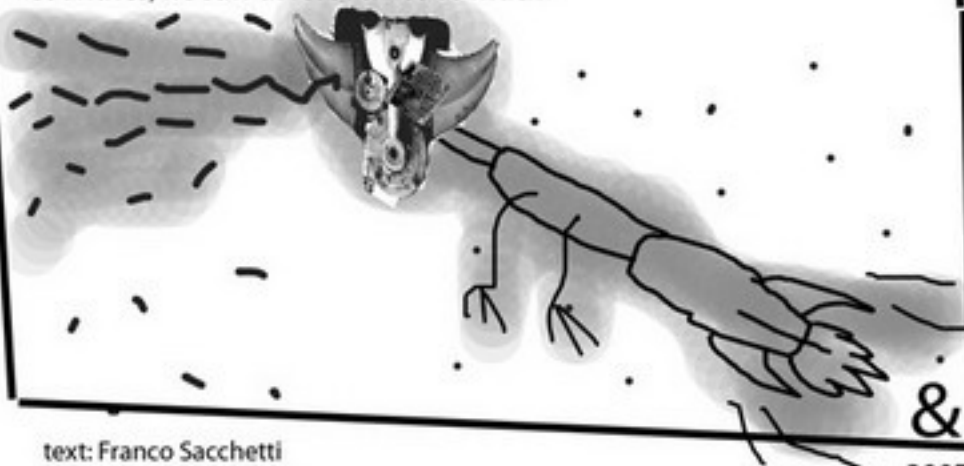
Once the operation concluded, lacking a black pirate-like band to cover the missing eye, the doctor applied a stamp.



When reopening his eye after the anaesthesia, Orbo saw a completely different world. He smiled.



Orbo could see with only one eye, but in endless travels to distant countries, he saw at least twice as much.



text: Franco Sacchetti  
artwork; volodjaizkutije

2007.



# POVEST O JUGOSLAVU

NAPISALA:

*Dragana Mladenović*

NACRTALA:

*Maja Veselinović*

OCTOBAR, 2007.





1976.

NEKADA SU I BOGDANOVE ŽENE  
KĆERI I MAJKE JUGOSLAVA RINTALE MUŠKI  
KAO DA SE BEZ TOGA NIJE MOGLA ODMARATI A  
NEDELJOM  
SE GLEDALA TELEVIZIJA



KAO DA SU SINE POVRATNI DEO SOBE  
A UMORNA TELA NAŠA NAMI-  
RISANA I JEDRA  
DA SE ZABORAVIŠ  
U BOJI

2



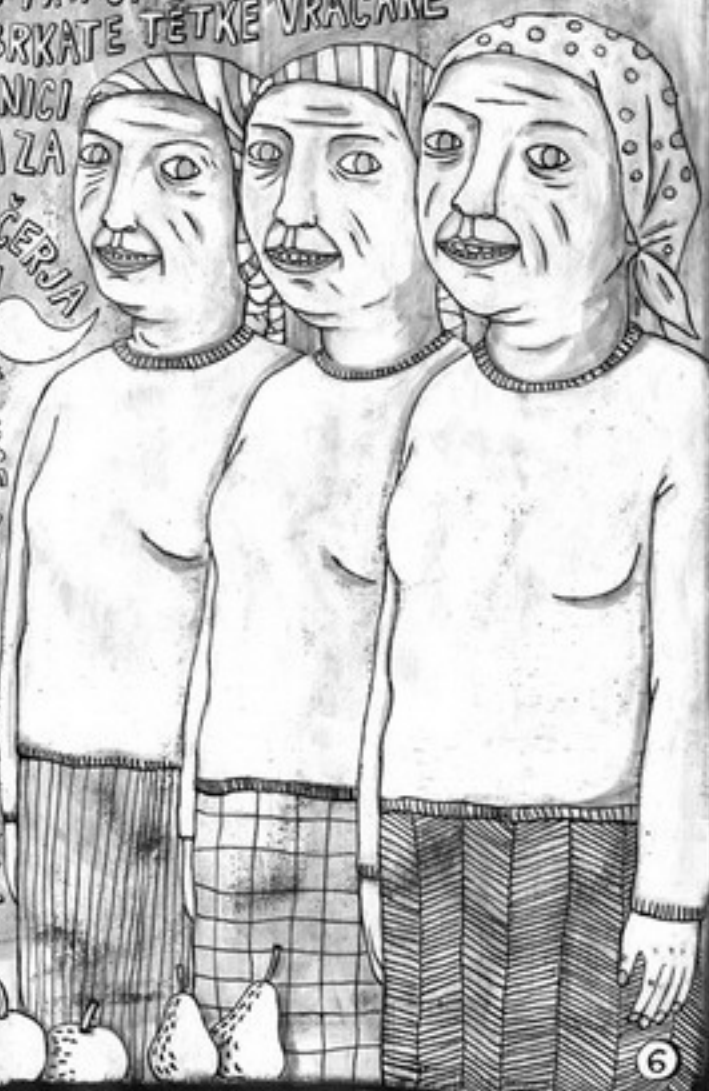






1990.

SVAKO MUŠKO TRIPUT VREDI  
GOVORILE SU BRKATE TETKE VRAČARE  
KAO DA SE UZIMNICI  
SKUPLJALA SNAGA ZA  
KISELA PREDVEČERJA  
I OBIJNU KISU  
ISPOD MADSTRESNICE  
KAO DA SE OD SUŠENIH  
PRAVILO O NOVO NANOVO  
POKONOG TRIFUNA I  
SUŠENIH REBARA IZ OSTAVE



6



1993.

KAO DA NIJE MOGLO  
ŽIVOT SE PREOKRENULO  
DRUGAČIJE  
MAGLAČKE

NITI JE KRV  
KAO ŠTO SE RANJE  
GORE  
MISLILO I U  
SNU BAJALO

JE VLAŽNA

DA POJMI

1994.

I TU SE VIDALO  
KAO DA SE GAZI U  
GAGANJE LEVOM  
NOGOM IZ  
POSKAKIVANJE  
JUGOSLAVI TO NIJE  
MORAO  
BILATU  
SMAJSTA  
U COKULAMA ILI JE TO BILLO

8

1995.

KAO DA SE GODINAMA SKUPLJALA  
U BARI SE NAZIRALA KUĆA NAOPAKO  
KAO DA CE KROVOM DA SE ZARJE VODURINA  
VIDEO JE JUGOSLAV  
KAKO SE POSKAKUJE I IZNUTRA  
I KORENJE OD LIMUNA I SLIKE S DRUGE ZEMLJE  
EKRANA STRANE

1996.

KAO DA JE SVE TO DOVOLJNO ZA POVEST

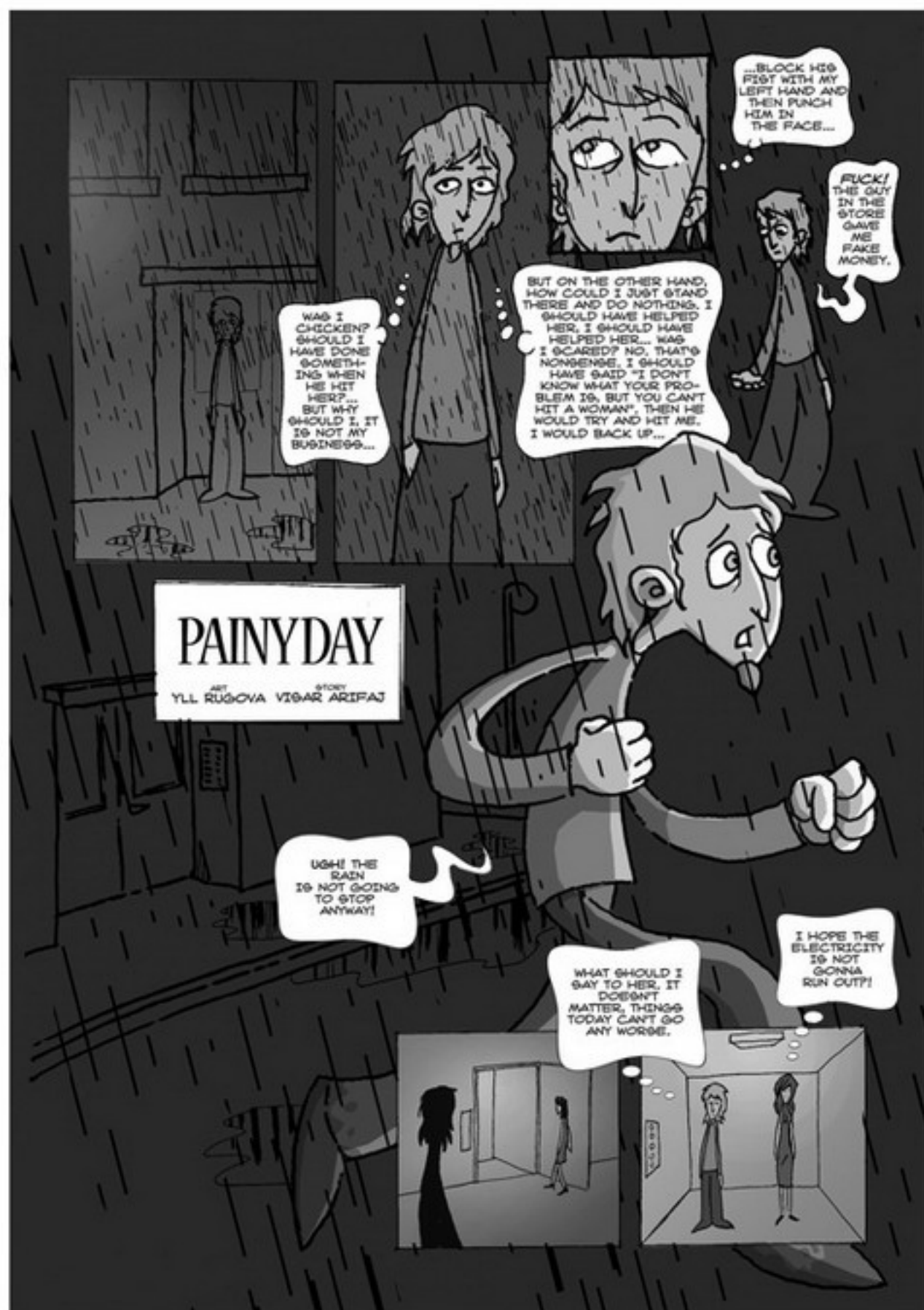
O JUGOSLAVU SE POSLE GOVORILLO ŠAPATOM  
IZMEĐU TURSKE ČEMERNE I KUVANE RAKIJE

IZMEĐU KOLUTOVA BARENIH JAJA I ČAJNE  
SIMETRIČNO POREĐANIH NA TANJIRU

KAO DA JE TO DOVOLJNO ZA ŽIVOT

KRAJ





# PAINYDAY

ART YLL RUGOVA  
STORY VIGAR ARIFAJ

WAS I  
CHECKEN?  
SHOULD I  
HAVE DONE  
SOMETH-  
ING WHEN  
HE HIT  
HER?...  
BUT WHY  
SHOULD I, IT  
IS NOT MY  
BUSINESS...

BUT ON THE OTHER HAND,  
HOW COULD I JUST STAND  
THERE AND DO NOTHING. I  
SHOULD HAVE HELPED  
HER, I SHOULD HAVE  
HELPED HER... WAS  
I SCARED? NO, THAT'S  
NONSENSE. I SHOULD  
HAVE SAID "I DON'T  
KNOW WHAT YOUR PRO-  
BLEM IS, BUT YOU CAN'T  
HIT A WOMAN", THEN HE  
WOULD TRY AND HIT ME.  
I WOULD BACK UP...

...BLOCK HIS  
FIST WITH MY  
LEFT HAND AND  
THEN PUNCH  
HIM IN  
THE FACE...

FUCK!  
THE GUY  
IN THE  
STORE  
GAVE  
ME  
FAKE  
MONEY.

UGH! THE  
RAIN  
IS NOT GOING  
TO STOP  
ANYWAY!

WHAT SHOULD I  
SAY TO HER, IT  
DOESN'T  
MATTER, THINGS  
TODAY CAN'T GO  
ANY WORSE.

I HOPE THE  
ELECTRICITY  
IS NOT  
GONNA  
RUN OUT!

AFTER 22 SECONDS...

DAMN!!!



I WONDER, WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED IF THE OLD GUY HADN'T ENTERED. SHE SEEMED PRETTY.



I'M GLAD THAT THE OLD GUY CAME... WHO KNOWS WHAT THIS FREAK WOULD DO TO ME...

WHY DID THIS YOUNG PUNK HAD TO USE THE ELEVATOR JUST NOW...



WHO KNOWS WHAT COULD HAPPEN IF I WERE ALONE WITH THE GIRL?

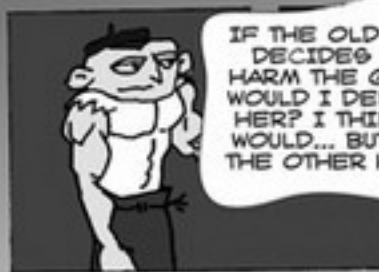


HELP US! SOMEBODY!

WHAT IF THEY ARE BOTH MANIACS. WHAT IF THEY BOTH ATTACK ME. WHAT IF THEY GRAB...



IF THE OLD GUY DECIDES TO HARM THE GIRL, WOULD I DEFEND HER? I THINK I WOULD... BUT ON THE OTHER HAND ...



WE CALLED THE ELECTRIC COMPANY... YOU WILL BE OUT IN A MINUTE...



I'M A BIT OLD, WHAT IF THE YOUNG PUNK WOULD HOLD HER, WHILE I WOULD...





STUDIOSTRIP

TEXT: S. ĐORĐEVIĆ

# MAJKA KOCKAR

MOJA MAJKA JE BILA NAJLOŠIJI KOCKAR IKAD VIĐEN  
U ISTORIJI ČOVEČANSTVA.



NIJU NIJE ZANIMAO NI POKER, NI BARBUT, NI RULET,  
NI KLADENJE U KLADIONICI.



ONA JE VOLELA KONJSKE TRKE I KLADILA SE UVEK NA  
JEDNO REDNO KLJUŠE, JEDNU RAGU KOJA JU JE  
ŠUTIRALA.



KLJUŠE NIKAD NIJE POBEDILO.



ALI JE MAJCI BILO VAŽNO JEDNO, DA GA VOLI I  
DA SE KLADI.





IN A SECLUDED VALLEY ON  
THE BALKAN PENINSULA...



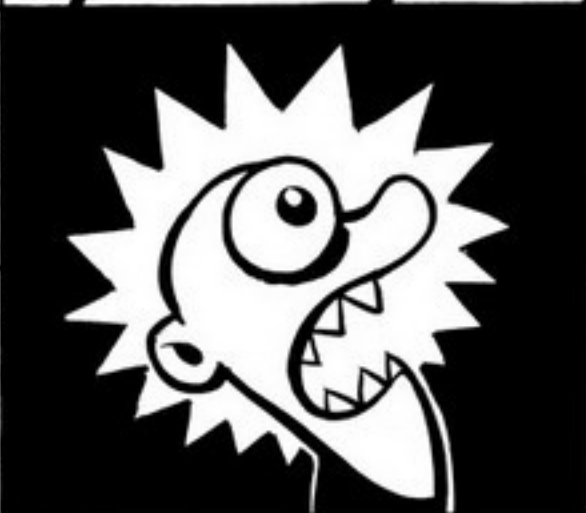
... LIVED FOUR BROTHERS WITH ONE EYE ONLY.



THEY USED TO HAND IT ON IN TURN FROM ONE TO  
THE OTHER, SO THAT IN TURN ONE OUT OF THE  
FOUR WOULD GUIDE THE OTHERS.



DURING HIS SUNNY-TURN ONE OF THEM, WHILE  
THE OTHERS CLUNG TO HIM TRUSTFULLY...

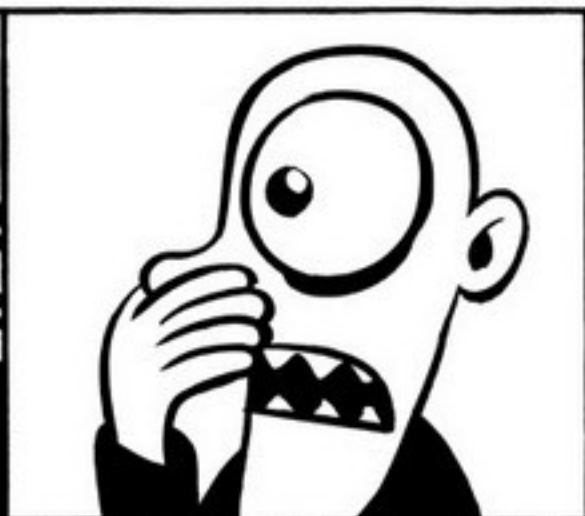


... HE HAPPENED TO SEE A GIRL, FELT MADLY  
IN LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT, AND THOUGHT:





"OH NO! NEVER, NEVER AGAIN IN DARKNESS!!! IF MY BROTHERS SAW HER THE WAY I'M SEEING HER..."



... RIGHT NOW, THEY WOULD BEHAVE LIKE ME FOR SURE. HOW COULD THEY ACCEPT TO FALL INTO DARKNESS AGAIN, EVEN JUST FOR ONE SECOND?"



SO WITH A SUDDEN JERK HE GOT FREE OF THE HAND'S GRASP OF HIS BROTHER,



... WHO TOOK BY THE HAND THE OTHER ONE, WHO TOOK BY THE HAND THE LAST ONE, AND LEFT THEM IN THE LURCH, ALL THREE HOLDING EACH OTHER IN THE COLD DARKNESS.



BUT ONE EYE WASN'T ENOUGH, BECAUSE SHE DIDN'T LIKE CYCLOPES.

# TROJAN

by ALBERTO CORRADI -

Trojan, a three headed monster (from the serbian word troje) was cursed. He couldn't stand the sunlight.

## SREMSKA MITROVICA

Every night  
Trojan took a  
visit to his  
girlfriend in the  
city of Sirmium  
(Sremska Mitrovica).

One day he lingered too long,  
the night turned into day and  
so he died, melting for the  
power of the Sun.

According to other serbian,  
bulgarian & greek legends,  
Trojan had the ears of a  
donkey or, sometimes,  
of a goat.



# THE CRY

STORY BY: RAMUNAS YARAS

ART BY: VLADAN NIKOLIĆ



HE WROTE A DULL AND BORING MUSIC AND DID NOT KNOW HOW TO ENJOY THE LIFE HIMSELF. AT LEAST ONE TIME A WEEK, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BRIGHT DAY, SADNESS WOULD COME TO HIM AND GROW INTO AN ENDLESS DESPAIR. THEN EDGAR WOULD CURL UP ON THE BED OR SOMEWHERE IN THE CORNER AFTER DRINKING TRANQUILIZERS AND START TO CRY.



HE WOULD WEEP FOR A LONG TIME. UNABLE TO CONTROL HIMSELF, HE WOULD LOUNGE ABOUT THE ROOM WITH CHEEKS WET FROM TEARS, TOUCH THINGS WITH A LOOK FULL OF DESPAIR, AND THEN FALL ASLEEP UNDER INFLUENCE OF THE PILLS.

HOWEVER, EDGAR VALUED THESE TORTURING ATTACKS VERY MUCH. HE CALLED THEM TRANSCENDENTAL. BECAUSE USUALLY, AFTER SAME DAYS, EDGAR WOULD CREATE A MUSICAL COMPOSITION, MOST OFTEN ABOUT A SACRED THING, AS HE THOUGHT-ABOUT A PAST TIME.

BUT PEOPLE DID NOT LIKE EDGAR RADZEVICIUS' CREATIONS. MAYBE BECAUSE THE TEMPO OF HIS SONGS NEVER SPEEDED OVER ADAGIO, OR MAYBE BECAUSE SIXTY SEVEN YEARS OLD ANTANAS VAKIA-  
EVICIUS - A FAITHFUL EDGAR'S VOCALIST - WAS ACCOMPANIED BY A TOTALLY OUT-MODED STRING QUARTET ON THE STAGE.



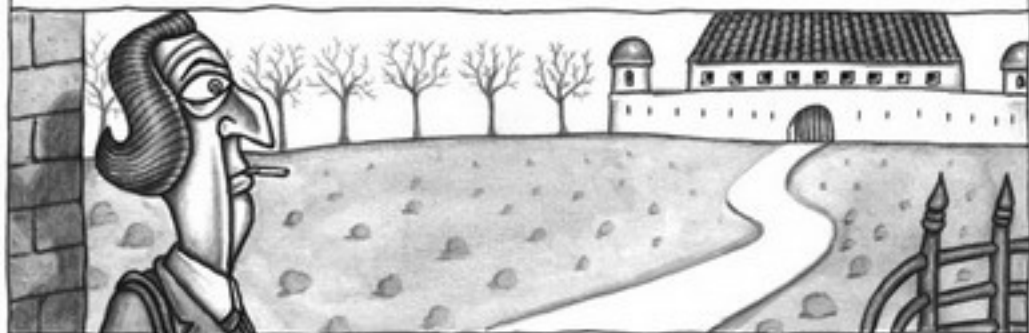


ONCE EDGAR WROTE A SONG ABOUT LAST YEAR'S SNOW. AND HE DECIDED TO USE A PHONOGRAM OF THE CRY IN IT - A PHONOGRAM OF A SINCERE CRY THAT WAS CAUSED BY A REAL PAIN. EDGAR DID NOT BRING HIMSELF TO RECORD HIS OWN CRY, THUS, HE DECIDED TO INVITE AN ACQUAINTED ACTOR - TO ENTERTAIN HIM WITH TEA AND THEN SUGGEST HIM TO CRY A LITTLE BIT.



THE ACTOR DRANK HIS TEA, STOOD UP AT THE MICROPHONE AND STARTED DOING HIS JOB. HE USED HIS VOCAL CHORDS PROFESSIONALLY AND COULD HAVE CRIED FOR A LONG TIME, IF THE TAPE HAD NOT FINISHED.

AFTER SOME HESITATIONS EDGAR DECIDED BETTER TO RECORD A NATURAL CRY. HE GATHERED HIS COURAGE AND VISITED THE PLACE WITH HIS HULKY, OLD TAPE-RECORDER WHERE, ACCORDING TO THE SUSPICION OF THE CRITICS, HE HAS BEEN FOR HUNDREDS OF TIMES. WHERE ELSE, IF NOT IN A LUNATIC ASYLUM, EDGAR THOUGHT, YOU CAN MEET SO MANY UNHAPPY PEOPLE. THE CRY OF MINDLESS CREATURES SHOULD BE VERY SINCERE.



TRANQUILITY REIGNED IN THE WARDS. EDGAR SQUATTED DOWN IN THE CORNER, SWITCHED ON THE TAPE-RECORDER, AND BEGAN TO WAIT FOR A CRYING LUNATIC. BUT PATIENTS ONLY STARED AT HIM AND HAD NO INTENTION TO CRY.



AFTER SEVERAL HOURS SQUATTING  
IN THE CORNER, ONE THOUGHT  
STRUCK EDGAR'S MIND.



UNDEED, THERE WAS SOMETHING TO DO THERE. LED BY SONGS  
OF AUTUMN BIRDS, EDGAR FOLLOWED THE FUNERAL PROCESSIONS,  
STOOD AT THE PIT OF THE GRAVE AND RECORDED CRIES, SOBS  
AND SIGHINGS OF...



WEAK OLD WOMEN,

MIDDLE AGED LADIES

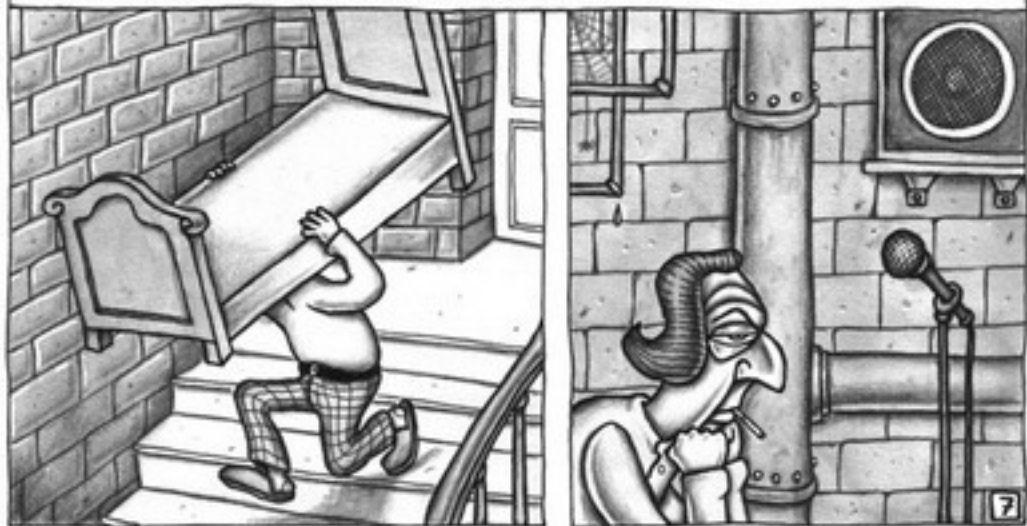
AND STRONG MEN.



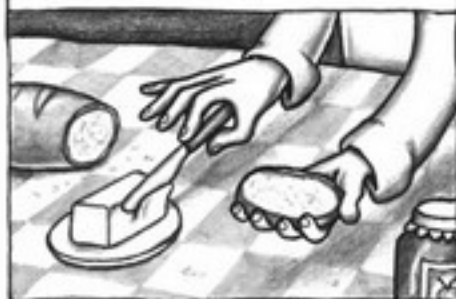
BUT AFTER LISTENING TO THE RECORDS AT HOME, EDGAR UNDERSTOOD THAT CRIES OF THE STRANGERS WERE DISGUSTING TO HIM. THIS WASN'T A CRY, PROTRUDING WITHOUT ANY REASON. THIS WASN'T A CRY SCREAMING INTO PERPETUITY, LIKE A CRY THAT WAS COMING TO HIM—LIKE A PENANCE FOR THE SINS OF THE WHOLE UNIVERSE. ESPECIALLY EDGAR WAS IRRITATED BY THE SOBS OF MIDDLE AGED LADIES. IT SEEMED AS THESE LADIES HAD NO PITY FOR WHAT THEY WERE SOBBING.



THUS, HE HAD TO CRY IN THE RECORD HIMSELF. OR SOMEONE VERY SIMILAR TO HIM. EDGAR TOOK HIS BED TO HIS STUDIO—CELLAR WHERE THE TAPE-RECORDER AND A MICROPHONE STOOD, AND BEGAN TO WAIT FOR SADNESS.



FINALLY, AFTER SOME DAYS, SOMETHING CRASHED IN HIS CHEST WHEN HE WAS PUTTING BUTTER ON A SANDWICH IN THE KITCHEN, AND EDGAR UNDERSTOOD THAT HE WAS GOING TO CRY.



EDGAR PUT BREAD AND BUTTER ON THE TABLE AND RAN INTO HIS STUDIO, BUT WHEN HE TOUCHED THE BUTTONS OF THE TAPE-RECORDER, A NEED TO CRY DISAPPEARED.



FOR A SECOND TIME, SADNESS CAUGHT HIM STRONGER IN THE TOILET. HOLDING HIS PANTS AND HITTING DOOR HANDLES, EDGAR RUSHED HEADLONG INTO THE CELLAR AND STOPPED IN THE DOORWAY—COMPLETELY CALM.



BUT EDGAR DID NOT PLAN TO SURRENDER. HE BOUGHT SOME BOOKS ABOUT MEDITATION READY TO LEARN TO CONTROL HIMSELF FOR THE REASON THAT WHEN HE FELT SADNESS INSIDE, HE COULD APPROACH THE TAPE-RECORDER, SWITCH IT ON AND CRY.





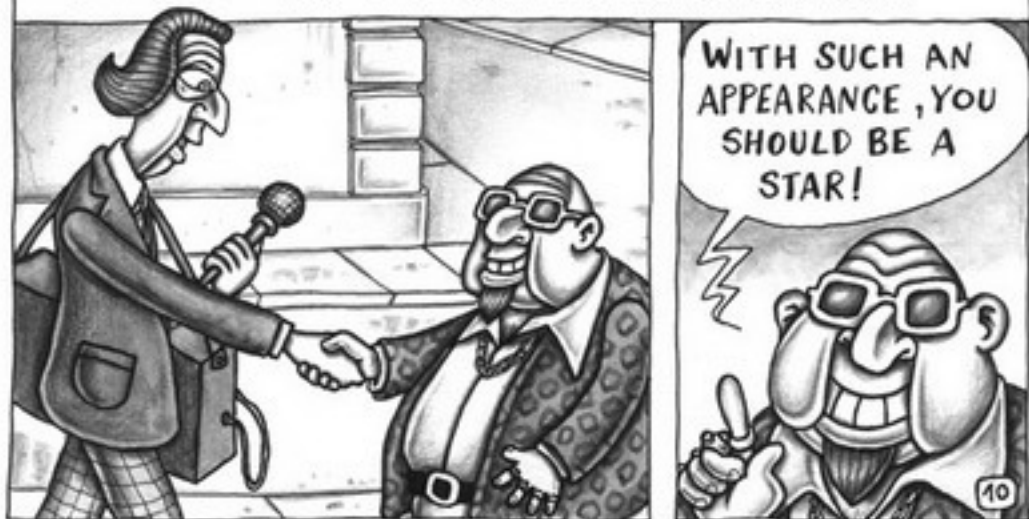
WHILE STUDYING THE ART OF MEDITATION, EDGAR'S DAY SCHEDULE BECAME AS FOLLOWS: HE WALKED AROUND THE CITY WITH HIS TAPE-RECORDER ON HIS SHOULDERS AND LOOKED FOR THE CRY IN THE MORNING AND DURING THE DAY, AND LISTENED TO THE RECORDS IN THE EVENING AND - MOST OFTEN - SORTED OUT ALL OF THEM.



AS SOME FREE TIME WAS STILL AVAILABLE AFTER HIS JOB, HE BEGAN TO EXPERIMENT WITH HIMSELF. WHILE EXPERIMENTING, EDGAR TRIED A LOT OF THINGS - FROM ONIONS TO CALLS TO THE GIRL-FRIENDS FROM THE YOUTH HE HAD FELL IN LOVE WITH BUT NEVERTHELESS - HE EITHER JUST WEPT A BIT OR BEGAN TO WHINE.



THE MONTH PASSED, AND EDGAR HAD NO INTENTION TO DROP HIS ACTIVITY BUT HE MET HIS CHILDHOOD FRIEND. HE HURRIED TO SQUEEZE EDGAR'S HAND AND ASK HOW RADZEVICIUS LIVED AND WHAT HE DID FOR A LIVING. WHEN HE HEARD THAT RADZEVICIUS' ACTIVITY WAS TO RUN AROUND WITH VALVE EQUIPMENT ON HIS SHOULDERS AND MEDITATE, A CHILDHOOD FRIEND TOLD ABOUT HIMSELF - NOW HE WAS A POP MUSIC PRODUCER AND WAS DOING QUITE WELL. THEN HE CIRCLED AROUND EDGAR WITH HIS TAPE-RECORDER ON HIS SHOULDERS AND SHOOK HIS HEAD.



YES, EDGAR LOOKED BETTER THAN A YEAR AGO. HIS CHEEKS BLUSHED AND HIS BODY BECAME STRONGER. THAT'S WHY EDGAR'S CHILDHOOD FRIEND OFFERED HIM TO PUT THESE SILLY RUN-ABOUTS ASIDE AND START A JOB APPROPRIATE TO THE COMPOSER WITH SUCH CREATIVE EXPERIENCE. HE OFFERED EDGAR TO COMPOSE A BIT OF A GOOD DANCE MUSIC.



AND SUDDENLY EVERYTHING WENT UPSIDE-DOWN. EDGAR DECIDED TO RELAX A LITTLE AND CREATED SEVERAL SONGS WITHOUT ANY EFFORT. HIS CHILDHOOD FRIEND DID HIS BEST AND THEY BECAME INCREDIBLY POPULAR.



IN SHORT, AFTER A WHILE EDGAR STOPPED HIS RUN-ABOUTS WITH THE TAPE-RECORDER - A COMPLETELY USELESS ACTIVITY.



HE ACQUIRED A CAR,



MOVED TO A  
NEW APARTMENT,



ETC.

EDGAR BECAME AN OBJECT  
OF ENVY TO THOUSANDS  
OF COUNTRY PEOPLE.



I GREW UP. I GREW OUT  
OF MY INSANITY. I UNDERSTOOD  
WHAT MUSIC WAS FOR -  
TO ENTERTAIN PEOPLE.



SUCH A STORY HAPPENED TO THE COMPOSER EDGAR RADZEVICIUS. IT IS WORTH TO ADD THAT ONCE, AFTER SOME YEARS, IN THE EVENING, WAITING FOR ONE OF HIS LOVES BY A POLE, HE HEARD A CRY WHICH WAS QUIET BECAUSE THIS WAS A LITTLE GIRL WHO WAS CRYING, SQUATTED IN THE DEPTH OF THE TUNNEL.



WHY ARE YOU CRYING?



NOTHING SPECIAL.





Igor Hofbauer /Hrvatska/ i Oto Oltvanji /Srbija/.....	5
Nina Bunjevac /Kanada/ i Miodrag Đorić /Srbija/.....	15
Aleksandar Zograf i Slobodan Tišma /Srbija/.....	18
Goran Dačev - Gorand i Aleksandar Stankovski /Makedonija/.....	20
Danilo Milošev -Wostok i Vasko Popa /Srbija/.....	29
Studiostrip (Radovan Popović i Aleksandar Opačić) i Nemanja Mitrović /Srbija/.....	37
Vuk Palibrk i Đorđe Tomić /Srbija/.....	44
Miroslav Lazendić i Danilo Spasović - Karolj Denke /Srbija/.....	46
Damir Pavić - Septic i Kazi Lidija, /Srbija/.....	47
Damir Rijović Originalov i Barbara Marković /Srbija/.....	50
Jakob Klemenčič /Slovenija/ i Alexia Steiner /Velika Britanija/.....	52
Željko Obrenović i Milivoj Kostić /Srbija/.....	55
Miroslav Lazendić i Danilo Spasović - Karolj Denke /Srbija/.....	61
Johanna Marcade /Francuska/ i Radovan Nastić /Srbija/.....	62
Franco Sacchetti /Italija/ i Vladimir Palibrk /Srbija/.....	68
Peda Guberinić i Vlada Milić /Srbija/.....	69
Miroslav Lazendić /Srbija/.....	72
Vladimir Palibrk /Srbija/ i Franco Sacchetti /Italija/.....	73
Maja Veselinović i Dragana Mladenović /Srbija/.....	75
Yll Rugova i Visar Arifaj /Srbija/.....	86
Aleksandar Opačić (Studiostrip) i Stanislav Đorđević /Srbija/.....	88
Alberto Corradi i Franco Sacchetti /Italija/.....	90
Alberto Corradi /Italija/.....	92
Vladan Nikolić /Srbija/ i Ramunas Yaras /Litvanija/.....	93



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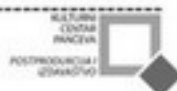
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Površno gledano, sudeći na osnovu naslova, od Sumraka na Balkanu mogla bi se očekivati zbirka stereotipnih, pravolinijskih stripova o ratu, mržnji, plamenovima vatre i nasilja... Ali, ako to očekujete - bićete veoma razočarani. Baš naprotiv, u dvadeset i tri epizode ovog albuma o crvenom, crvenom Suncu koje zalazi za Balkan, strip autori su sasvim slobodno tretirali temu sumraka na Balkanu, i uzeli je samo kao polaznu tačku za istraživanje stripovske forme i pripovednih tehnika.

A ipak, simbolične slike onoga što se obično smatra za stvaran balkanski sumrak pojavljuju se sporadično, filtrirane, preobražene i oneobičene korišćenjem žanrovske ikonografije, lirski intoniranih scenarija i lične mitologije. Stoga morate pogledati bolje, razmisliti dublje..

Crteži još više ističu ovaj koncept: mašine, fabrike, paramparčad gradova, često stvaraju snolike scene i uznemiravajuće slike, ali uvek uz veliku dozu humora i ironije. Tako Balkanci i vole.

I zato sačekajte poslednje zrake dana, i udite u misteriozni svet... Balkanske Zone Sumraka.

Should you take the Balkan Twilight superficially, or misjudge it by it's title, expecting stereotypical and straightforward stories of War, hatred and violence, you will be very disappointed; instead, you will find twenty three stories, in which authors use the theme of the red sun setting over the Balkans as a mere starting point in their exploration of comics form and narrative techniques.

Nevertheless, symbolic images of what is generally considered as the real Balkan Twilight appear sporadically, filtered, transformed and somehow estranged by the use of genre iconography, lyrical scripts or personal mythology. So, you have to look more carefully, think more deeper..

The artwork strongly supports this concept through pictorial and somewhat distorted representations of machines, factories and dying cities, having created dream-like scenery and disturbing imagery, yet always maintaining a healthy dose of Balkan-like humor and irony.

Welcome to the mysterious world of Balkan twilight.

**Ivan Velisavljević**

